for ſweet *Iacke Falſtaffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtaffe*, true *Iacke Falſtaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Iacke Falſtaffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the doore.

Falſ. Out you rogue, play out the play: I have much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Jeſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the Divell rides upon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? never call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prin. And thou art a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as another.

Prin. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke up above. Now my Maſters; for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore i'le hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maſter Sherife, what is your wil with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men unto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time have employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreate you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my Lord, there are two Gentlemen.
Have in this robbery loſt 3000. Markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he have rob'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prin. This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: go call him forth.

Peto. *Falſtaffe*? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine pappers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's ſee what be they: read them.

Item a Capon	ij.s.ij.d
Item ſawce	iiij.d
Item Sacke, two gallons	v.s.vij.d
Item Anchoves and Sacke after Supper	ij.s.vij.d
Item bread	ob

O monſtrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke! What there is elſe, keep cloſe, weele read it at more advantage, there let him ſleepe till day, i'le to the Court in the morning. We muſt all to the Warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. I'le procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a march of twelve ſcore; the money ſhall be payed backe againe with advantage: be with me betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto*.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,

And